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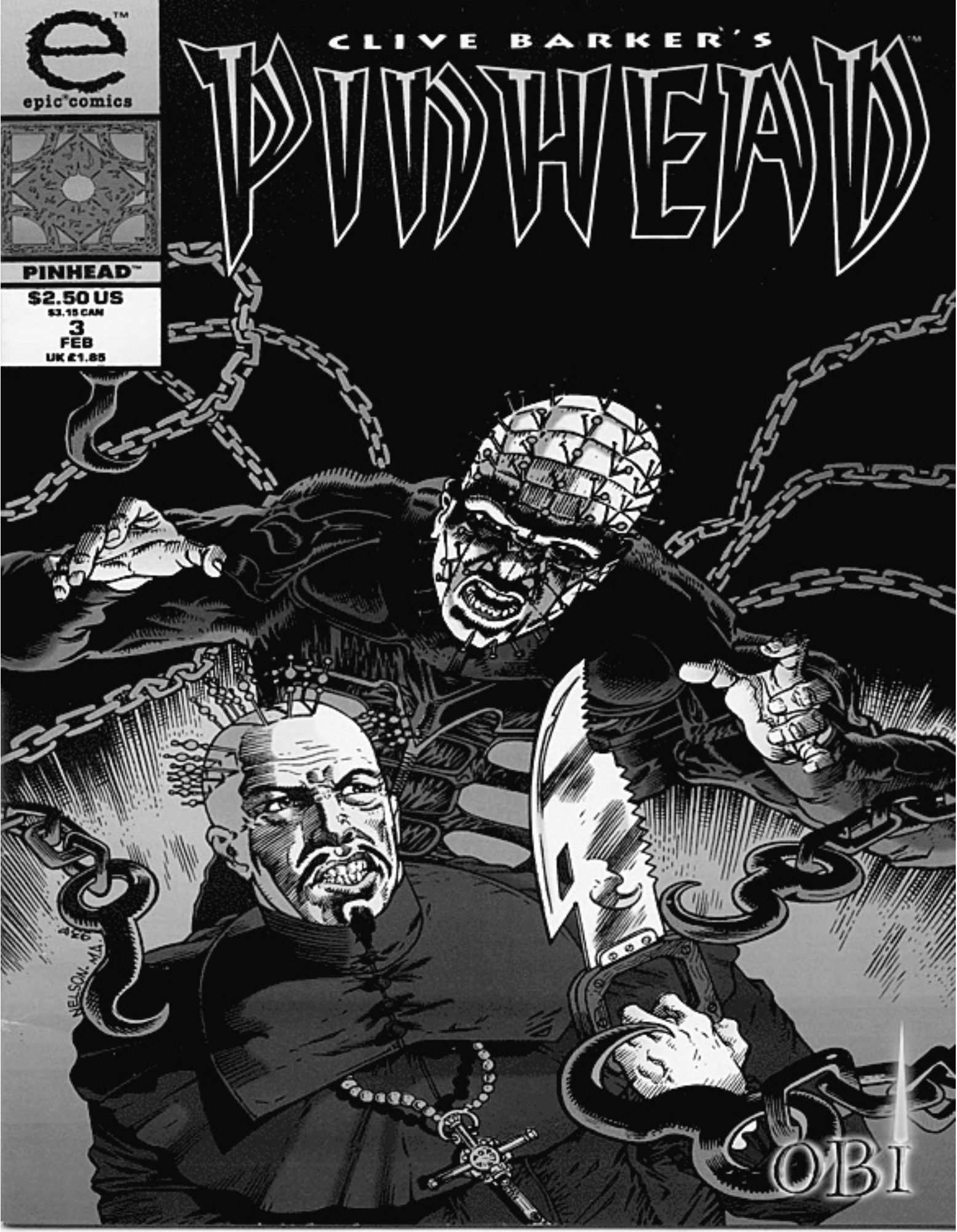
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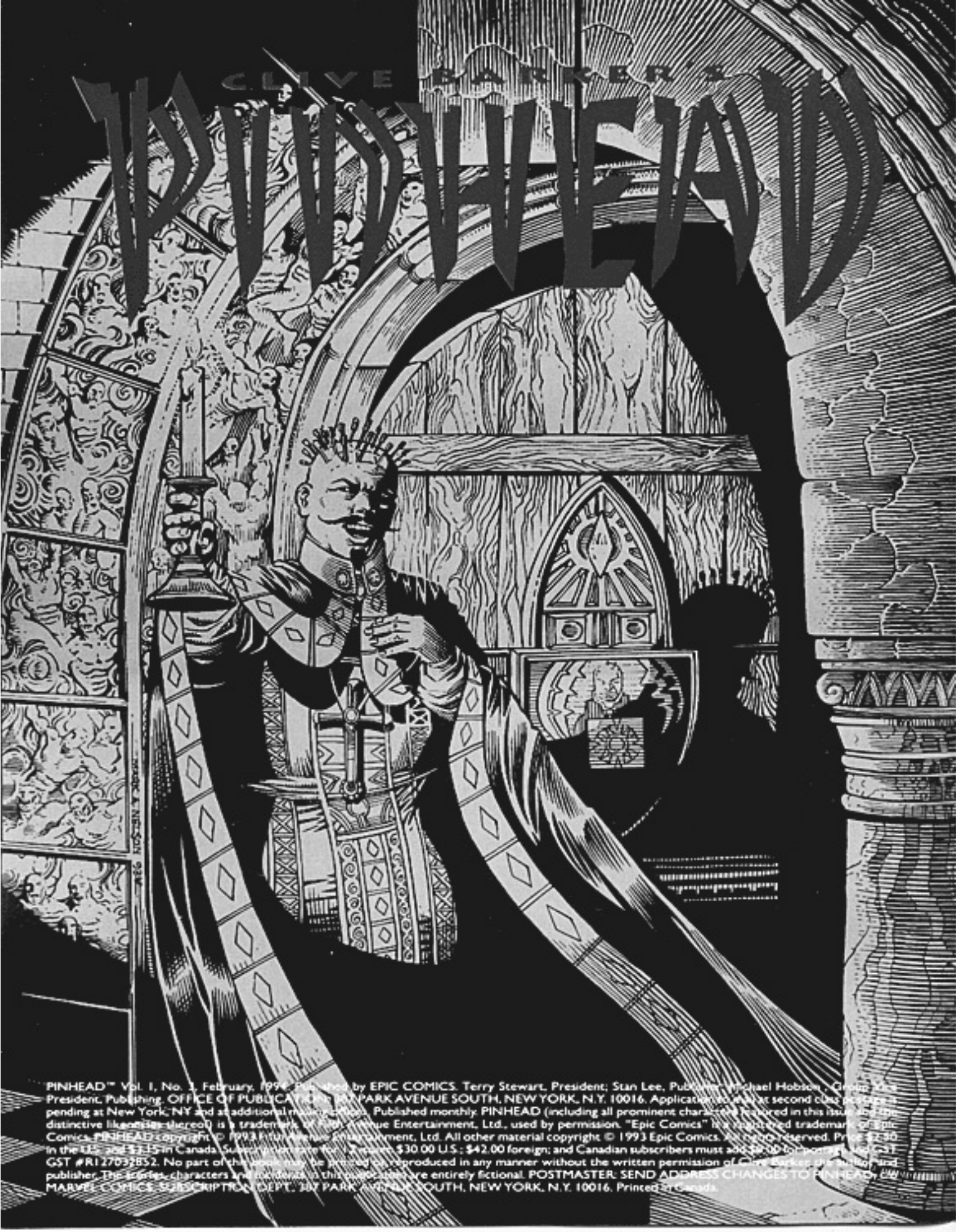

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'ROUND ABOUT LEGACY, COLORADO.
SOME TIME CLOSE TO 1879.
DON'T MISS OUT ON ANY, FAN DANCER!
I'VE GOT THEM ALL, BALBERITH... ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM!
OH, THERE'S PLENTY MORE OF AGGREGATE, GIRLY... IF NOT HERE, SCHEMING SOMEWHERE ELSE IN TIME!
WILL IT BE ENOUGH TO HELP SCARRED HIDE? HELP HIM STOP THIS THING-OF-MANY-PARTS FROM UNDOING ALL OF HELL?
HARD TO SAY FOR CERTAIN, OF COURSE... AND SURPRISING TO FIND YOU SO CONCERNED ABOUT SEEING DOWN BELOW STAY TOGETHER!
IT'S NOT THE IDEA A' HELL THAT CATCHES ME, MA'AM... IT'S THE IDEAL! COMIN' FROM BACK EAST, TRAVELIN' THE WAGON TRAIN..
...I WAS ONE A' THE FEW WOMEN ALONG FOR THE RIDE. WASN'T SURPRISIN' TO FIND MYSELF THE CENTER A' ATTENTION...
...WHAT WAS SURPRISIN' WAS THE FEELIN' IT GAVE ME! AT NIGHT, WITH THE SMOKE FROM THE FIRE, THE STEAM OFF THEM BODIES --
--IT WAS LIKE I WAS SOME KINDA PAGAN GODDESS! NEW FEELIN' LIKE THAT GOT ME THINKIN' TOWARD OTHER EXPERIENCES.
GOT ME LOOKIN' INTO THE SUFFERERS' GUILD... AN' WANTIN' TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU CENOBITES!
NOW I KNOW MORE, KNOW ABOUT THE LIKES A' ATKINS... AN' KNOW I LOST 'IM, TOO!
THAT'S NOT CERTAIN, GIRLY...

...THERE'S STILL TIME TO TURN THINGS AROUND!
MEANWHILE, LET ME TELL A STORY FROM MY BOOK, ONE TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR OWN TROUBLES!
THIS ONE'S ABOUT SLEEPING BEAUTY, ALONE IN THE DEEP DARK FOREST...
...ALONE, THAT IS, UNTIL A CHARMING PRINCE CAME TO WAKE HER FROM HER DEEP SLUMBER!
-- AS DID THE PRINCE, RAPING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AGAIN AND AGAIN.
THE PRINCE'S CHARMS FELL SHORT OF THE JOB, BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER MUCH! THE RULING CLASS ALWAYS TAKES ADVANTAGE--
THE QUEEN CAME BY OFTEN IN THE TIME-IN-BETWEEN, KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE GIRL'S PREGNANCY.
FINALLY, THE BEAUTY OPENED HER EYES, BROUGHT OUT OF HER SLEEP BY THE GENTLE NIPS OF THREE OF HER BABIES...
...AND THE MEWLING SQUEAL OF THE FOURTH AS THE PRINCE'S MOTHER FILLED HER BELLY AFTER WAITING SO MANY HUNGRY MONTHS.
NOOO!

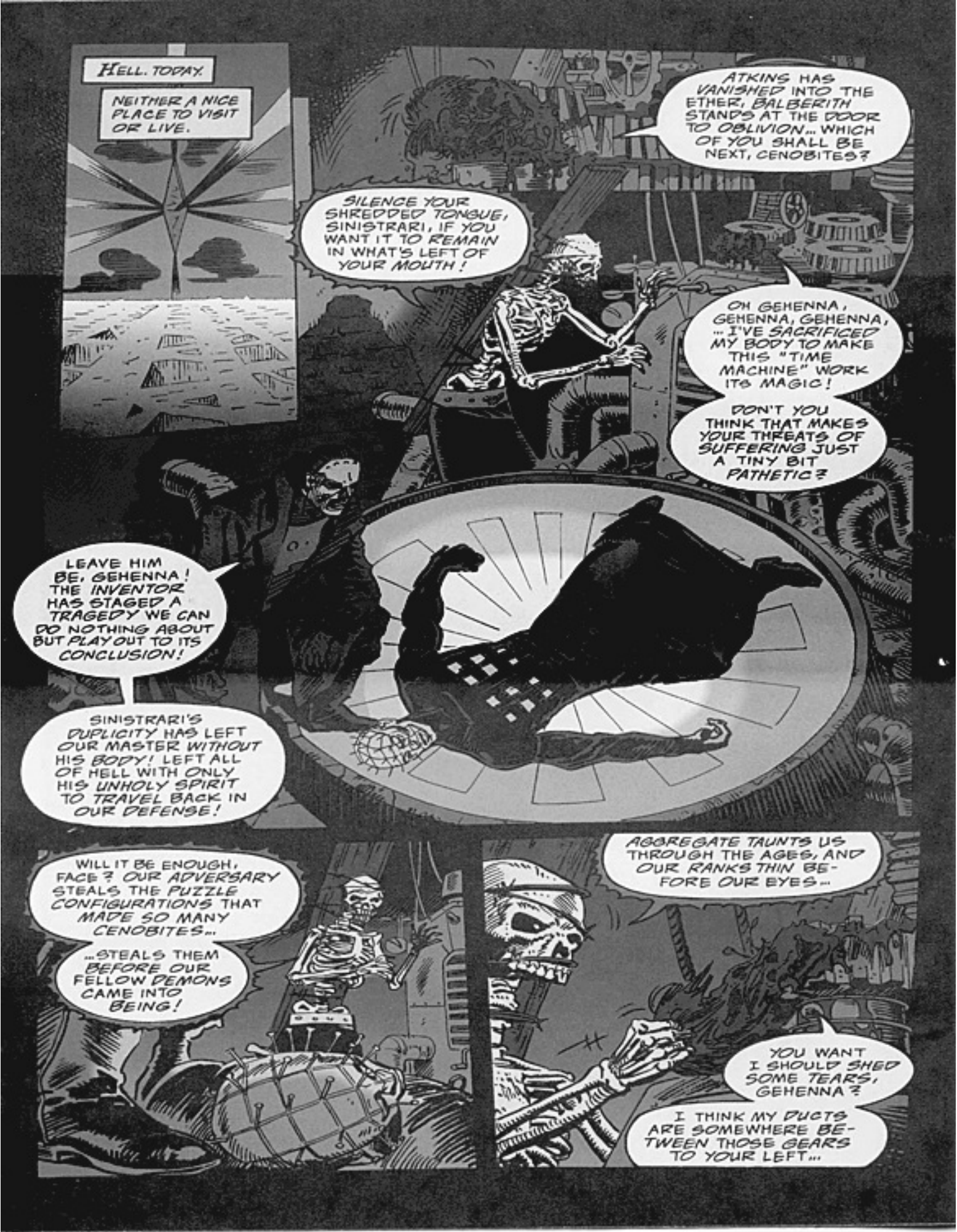
THAT'S... THAT'S A TERRIBLE STORY.
WHERE'S THE-- THE HAPPY ENDING...?
HAPPY ENDINGS. SO FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, MY DEAR.
I KNOW... ALL TOO WELL, I KNOW.
THEY ADDED MOST OF THEM TO THE TALES LATER.
IN THE ORIGINAL TELLINGS, IT'S THE INSCRUTABLE, INEXORABLE CHARACTER OF CALAMITY THAT COMES ACROSS.
TIME FOR ME TO GO!
BEAR IN MIND THAT OUR EXISTENCE IS NOT ONE THAT CAN BE PREDICTED OR EXPLAINED... IT MUST SIMPLY BE ENDURED!
IT'S THAT TRUTH THAT MAKES THE STORIES SO MOVING...
TRKOOM
TEMPORAL ENERGIES THUNDER.
YEARS SHUDDER INTO MOVEMENT, A CURRENT OF TIME CARRYING HELL'S LIBRARIAN BACK, ...EVER BACK.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MEDARD.
PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.
WATCH CAREFULLY NOW, MONSIGNOR... THIS IS WHY WE HAVE ASKED THE HOLY FATHER TO SEND YOU TO US!
THE POOR AND FAITHFUL, THE POOR AND HOPELESS, THEY ALL COME TO THE CHURCHYARD WITH THEIR MALADIES...
...AND THOSE TOUCHED BY WHAT IS AT WORK HERE IN THE CHURCHYARD--
STINKS IT DOES!
FOUL WITH INFECTION!
--THE ONES WE CALL THE CONVULSIONNAIRES, THEY--
SLURRP
--YOU SEE?! WHAT ARE THESE "MIRACLES"?
THE QUESTION THAT TEARS AT OUR SOULS!
AS MAGISTRATE DE MONTGERON SAYS! WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING IF THESE ACTS ARE THE WORK OF HEAVEN OR HELL!
NOT HELL, FATHER DEPAIGE.
ARE YOU CERTAIN?

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL
QUITE CERTAIN. NOT HELL.
HE WOULD APPEAR TO KNOW OF WHAT HE SPEAKS!
THAT'S WHAT TROUBLES ME, MAGISTRATE...
STORY BY D.G. CHICHESTER AND ERIK SALTZGABER.
WRITER D.G. CHICHESTER
PENCILER DARIO CARRASCO
INKER ENRIQUE VILLAGRAN
LETTERER PHIL FELIX
COLORIST MIKE KENNY
EDITOR TOM DANING
EXEC. ED. CARL POTTS
CHIEF TOM DeFALCO

THEIR BODILY CONTORTIONS AND CONVULSIONS APPEAR TO BE WHAT AFFORDS THEM THEIR POWER!
NOT JUST HEALING, BUT UNNATURAL ACTS, AS WELL! VOMITING MILK, AS FINE AS THAT PRODUCED BY ANY COW...
...OR RESISTING INJURY THAT WOULD MAIM OR KILL UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES!
AND IT BEGAN WHEN?
SHORTLY AFTER THE BURIAL OF THE FORMER LEADER OF THE PARISH.
THE DEACON FRANCOIS DE PARIS... A GREAT AND DEVOUT MAN!
THE CONVULSIONNAIRES HEAL IN HIS NAME, YES? WHILE THE DEACON KEEPS HIS SECRETS WITHIN HIS TOMB.
A MOST INTRIGUING PUZZLE.
ONE THAT WARRANTS FURTHER INVESTIGATION--
--URRK!
MONSIGNOR!
WHAT IS IT, FATHER?

INSIDE-- THE PAIN INSIDE--
A BATTLE FOR CONTROL RAGES ON A PLANE INSIDE THE MIND.
THIS IS MY BODY, INTERLOPER! I DEMAND CONTROL OF IT BACK!
I HAVE EXPLAINED THE NEED AT HAND, SELF. A DANGER THREATENS THE HELL WE BOTH CHERISH, THE LEVIATHAN WE BOTH LOVE.
I HUNT THE ARCHITECT OF THIS CALAMITY AS HE JOURNEYS BACK IN TIME-- AN ADVERSARY CALLING ITSELF AGGREGATE--
BUT YOUR QUEST REQUIRES YOU USURP THE PHYSICAL BODIES OF YOUR "PAST INCARNATIONS"!
YES, CHARLATAN, I HAVE HEARD YOUR LIES-- AND I TIRE OF THEM!
PERHAPS I NEED TO REFRESH MYSELF-- BY CARVING THE TRUTH OUT OF YOUR PATHETIC, PIERCED SKULL!


HELL. TODAY.
NEITHER A NICE PLACE TO VISIT OR LIVE.
ATKINS HAS VANISHED INTO THE ETHER, BALBERITH STANDS AT THE DOOR TO OBLIVION... WHICH OF YOU SHALL BE NEXT, CENOBITES?
SILENCE YOUR SHREDDED TONGUE, SINISTRARI, IF YOU WANT IT TO REMAIN IN WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR MOUTH!
OH GEHENNA, GEHENNA, GEHENNA, ...I'VE SACRIFICED MY BODY TO MAKE THIS "TIME MACHINE" WORK ITS MAGIC!
DON'T YOU THINK THAT MAKES YOUR THREATS OF SUFFERING JUST A TINY BIT PATHETIC?
LEAVE HIM BE, GEHENNA! THE INVENTOR HAS STAGED A TRAGEDY WE CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT BUT PLAY OUT TO ITS CONCLUSION!
SINISTRARI'S DUPLICITY HAS LEFT OUR MASTER WITHOUT HIS BODY! LEFT ALL OF HELL WITH ONLY HIS UNHOLY SPIRIT TO TRAVEL BACK IN OUR DEFENSE!
WILL IT BE ENOUGH, FACE? OUR ADVERSARY STEALS THE PUZZLE CONFIGURATIONS THAT MADE SO MANY CENOBITES...
...STEALS THEM BEFORE OUR FELLOW DEMONS CAME INTO BEING!
AGGREGATE TAUNTS US THROUGH THE AGES, AND OUR RANKS THIN BEFORE OUR EYES...
YOU WANT I SHOULD SHED SOME TEARS, GEHENNA?
I THINK MY DUCTS ARE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THOSE GEARS TO YOUR LEFT...

1728. WITHIN THE WARRING MINDSCAPE.
NOW WE SHALL HEAR THE TRUTH IN YOUR SCREAMS, INTRUDER!
YOU MAKE A TERRIBLE ERROR, SELF. YOUR ACTIONS STRAY FROM BLESSED ORDER, INTO THE BLASPHEMY OF ANARCHY.
SOME TERRIBLE FURY ROILS WITHIN...
I HAVE HEARD STORIES OF THIS "HOLY" EMISSARY, FATHER! THE PATHS HE HAS WALKED ARE THOSE THAT COME BACK TO HAUNT A MAN LATER!
PERHAPS THE DARKNESS HE HAS LONG EXPLORED ON BEHALF OF THE VATICAN HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!
FEAR NOT FOR THE MONSIGNOR'S SOUL OR HIS BODY, MAGISTRATE... I HAVE THE REMEDY FOR BOTH!
YOUR AID IS TIMELY, SISTER...
BALBERITH! I'VE JOURNEYED FROM... ROME... TO BE WITH MY MASTER AND AID HIM IN HIS MISSION!
THIS... HOLY OIL...
...IT HAS CURATIVE PROPERTIES!

ON THE MINDSCAPE.
YOUR POWER IS GREAT HERE WITHIN THE PLACE YOUR SOUL WOULD BE, MY PAST SELF...
SNRAAP
...BUT I HAVE BEEN TOUCHED BY AN ESSENCE OF OUR LORD LEVIATHAN ITSELF.
SLAASH!
SLIT
TCHINK!
THE OIL OF VICISSITUDE DISTILLED FROM THE UNWORTHY FLESH OUR CRYSTALLINE DEITY INGESTS.
YOU HAVE MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF MY GOD, IMPOSTER!
BUT YOU HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED ME AS YOUR ENEMY!
WE WILL MEET AGAIN... AND THE GAME THEN WILL BE MUCH DARKER THAN WHIPS AND CHAINS!
TO UNDERESTIMATE YOU WOULD BE TO UNDERESTIMATE MY-SELF, DEAR "ENEMY".
FOR BOTH OUR SAKES, LET NEITHER OF US MAKE THAT MISTAKE...

YOU ARE INDEED A SAVIOR, SISTER!
YOU'RE TOO KIND, YOUNG FATHER!
THE MONSIGNOR'S LONG JOURNEY HAS TIRED HIM... I'LL TAKE HIM TO HIS REST!
AND, AS ALWAYS, THE EVENTS WITHIN THIS CHURCHYARD HAVE TIRED ME!
I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE OF THEM, FATHER DE PAIGE... FORGIVE ME!
THAT IS MY NATURE, MAGISTRATE! GOOD DAY TO YOU!
IS THERE TO BE A GOOD DAY FOR ME, FATHER?
THE FLAMES... DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN...
OR DO I REMAIN TRAPPED HERE WITH ALL THE OTHER CONVULSIONNAIRES, AWAY FROM MY LIFE AND LOVED ONES...
... A FREAKISH QUESTION NEVER TO BE ANSWERED?
AGGREGATE HAS THE ANSWERS TO THIS MYSTERY OF GOOD OR EVIL, FATHER... SEEK HIM OUT ON THE RUE DE REVANCHE...
... GOOD OR EVIL, SEEK HIM OUT...

THE CHAMBERS OF THE LATE DEACON FRANCOIS DE PARIS.
THE MYSTERY OF THIS CHURCHYARD MAY BE THE CONFIGURATION WE SEEK, LIBRARIAN...
...THE NEXT PUZZLE THIS DISORDERLY AGGREGATE SEEKS FOR HIS OWN MALICIOUS PURPOSES.
NO TWO OF THE PARTS ARE FROM THE SAME PERSON, MASTER; THAT MUCH IS CLEAR!
I'M NOT SURE THAT HELPS US, BALBERITH. LEVIATHAN HAS MANY FOES...
...A MULTITUDE OF SKEPTICS WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN THE TRANSCENDENT EXPERIENCE OUR RITUALS OFFER.

THE DEACON LEFT EXTENSIVE WRITINGS AT THE TIME OF HIS PASSING...
...AND THE TIME OF HIS PASSING MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE CONVULSIONNAIRES' "MIRACLES".
THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO MAY GIVE US AN ADVANTAGE OVER AGGREGATE...
...PERHAPS EVEN PROVIDE A CLUE AS TO ITS MALFORMED NATURE!
MY THINKING PRECISELY, LIBRARIAN. I LEAVE THIS PART OF THE PUZZLE TO YOU AND YOUR CONSIDERABLE RESEARCH SKILLS.
I HAVE A FEELING WE WILL FIND THE ANSWER IS RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF US...

FATHER JEAN D'S PAIGE'S CHAMBERS.
AND HIS NIGHTMARES.
AN ANCESTRAL TALE, WHISPERED AMONG DRUNKEN RELATIVES, ALWAYS THOUGHT TO BE APOCRYPHAL.
IN THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.
AND THE CENOBITE GRILLIARD, COME TO TORTURE THEM BOTH FOR THEIR TRANS-GRESSIONS.
A LUSTFUL PRIEST NAMED ROBATAILLE.
HIS CONQUEST, THE LADY CARILLION.
THE DEAD LORD CARILLION, RESURRECTED TO BE MIDWIFE FOR HIS PREGNANT WIFE.
NO, HUSBAND! I BEG YOU!
NOOO!
AND FINALLY THE CHILD, BORN OF EQUAL PARTS OF BETRAYAL AND OBSESSION... THE OBSESSION AT THE HEART OF SOLVING ANY OF HELL'S PUZZLES.
A CHILD FATED TO SIRE THE ANCESTRAL LINE THAT WOULD BEGET A TORMENTED MAN IN SEARCH OF SIMPLE TRUTHS.
OH SWEET JESUS, I JUST WANT TO KNOW... GOOD OR EVIL...
...I JUST WANT TO KNOW...

YOU GATHERED QUITE A COLLECTION OF STORIES FROM AMONG THE PEASANTS, DEACON...
WERE THEY JUST STORIES TO PASS THE TIME, FATHER?
OR DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING MORE FROM THEM, AS WELL?
It came to pass that a man sold his boy to the Devil.
But the father and son had a plan to outsmart Old Scratch.
For no sooner had the coin passed hands than the boy --
--who'd quickly learned a thing or two from his new magical master --
--turned into a frog and slipped through the Devil's hands.
Quick as a flash, the Devil turned into a fish to pursue.

The boy turned into an orange that the Devil...
...who transformed into a physician--
--demanded in payment for his services.
The boy turned into grain, scattering out through the Devil's fingers.
With a burst of sulfur, the Devil became a chicken, pecking at the loose grains.
Just as the Devil was about to gobble up the last grain, the boy became a wolf--
--and promptly gobbled up the Devil.
STORY, DEACON DE PARIS? OR PARABLE?
PUT THE PIECES OF GRAIN TOGETHER AND THEY BECOME A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.
PUT THE PIECES OF BODY TOGETHER AND THEY BECOME...?

ALONG THE RUE DE REVANCHE.
H-HELLO? IS ANY-ONE--?
NOK NOK
FATHER DE PAIGE... THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING TO SEE US!
COME IN!
US? WHO ELSE IS HERE?
WHY, NO ONE ELSE, FATHER...
...JUST US!
JUST AGGREGATE...
GLITCH!
THE NAMES OF CARILLION AND ROBATAILLE AND GRILLIARD MUST BE A LONELY BURDEN TO BEAR, FATHER...
HOW... HOW COULD YOU KNOW?
...YOUR DESIRE TO OVERCOME YOUR ANCESTORS' MISTAKES CONVINCES US YOU ARE THE MAN TO SHARE OUR SECRETS WITH!
WHAT-- WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?!

MADNESS, JEAN? WE SEE IT ONLY AS A MEASURE OF SAFETY!
IT'S WELL KNOWN CATS SERVE THE DEVIL. THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT AGAINST THE EVIL THEY REPRESENT IS TO GET TO THEM FIRST.
THIS... THIS IS NOT THE ANSWER I WAS PROMISED...
YOU WISH TO KNOW OF HEAVEN AND HELL, OF GOOD AND EVIL.
WE CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN WHETHER OR NOT WE SERVE GOD, BUT WE MOST CERTAINLY OPPOSE THE WORK OF LEVIATHAN!
NONE FOR ME...
DRINK, FATHER... IT WILL HELP MAKE THE DECISION EASIER.
DO YOU JOIN THIS "MONSTER"... OR THE ONE SENT FROM THE VATICAN?

THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. MEDARD...
SLAAM
THE PELLUCID LENS...
THE INTERLOCKING CRYSTALS, ALIGN THEM INFERNALLY TO CAST A BEAM THAT LEADS THE WAY TO HELL.
THIS IS THE PUZZLE DEACON DE PARIS WROTE OF IN HIS PAPERS... AND I BELIEVE IS WHAT YOUR ADVERSARY SEARCHES FOR IN THIS TIME!
YOU'VE DONE WELL, LIBRARIAN... BUT YOU APPEAR TROUBLED. WHAT CONCERNS YOU?
MEMORIES, MASTER. THE PELLUCID IS THE CONFIGURATION THAT OPENED MY OWN DOOR TO HELL...
MOMMY WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU, JEREMY... MOMMY WILL ALWAYS BE HERE!
"MY SON WAS DYING...
"...AND NO MAN-MADE KNOWLEDGE COULD PROVIDE A CURE FOR WHAT PLAGUED HIM!"

"THE PHARMACIST AT THE APOTHECARY HAD NO LICENSE EXCEPT THE ONE LEVIATHAN HAD GRANTED.
I BELIEVE THIS WILL SHED NEW LIGHT ON YOUR PROBLEM, MRS. BALBERITH...
"BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I JUST WANTED TO FIT THOSE LENSES TOGETHER, TO FIND THE PATTERN. MY OBSESSION FINALLY PAID OFF...
"...BOTH FOR MY PURPOSE, AS WELL AS HELL'S!
MOMMY...?
"THE CURE HAD TAKEN... AS THE CENOBITES TOOK ME..."
I EMPATHIZE WITH YOUR TRAUMA AND LOSS, BALBERITH. BUT TAKE SOLACE IN THE FACT THAT OUR LORD LEVIATHAN HAS MANY CONFIGURATIONS.
YOUR JEREMY MAY SOMEDAY FIND A PUZZLE OF HIS OWN TO OBSESS OVER, AND JOIN YOU AGAIN IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL.
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE MAY BE A HARMONY BETWEEN YOUR PRESENCE HERE AND THAT OF THE PELLUCID...
...JUST AS THERE WAS BETWEEN ATKINS AND THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION THAT HAD RESTRUCTURED HIS FLESH.
OH, YES, MASTER, THAT'S A GREAT COMFORT!

AND JUST AS WE SEIZED THAT BOX TO DESTROY THE ARMORER, WE'LL WIPE AWAY THIS OLD CRONE BY TAKING THE LENSES FOR OUR OWN!
SEE IF YOU SPEAK WITH SUCH ARROGANCE AS CHAINS REND YOUR FLESH, THING OF CHAOS!
#1
YOU DEPEND TOO MUCH ON POWERS YOU DON'T HAVE, CENOBITE!
NO CONFIGURATION SUMMONED YOU HERE -- AND WITHOUT THAT INVITATION, YOUR INFERNAL MAGIC IS USELESS!

I NEED NOTHING BUT FAITH IN ORDER TO BRING SYMMETRY TO YOUR GNARLED FLESH--
--HRAACK!
NO! NOT NOW!
MASTER!
THE MIND-SCAPE.
WHAT MANNER--
--OF MASQUERADE?
I WARNED YOU, TRES-PASSER--
--TIME TO PLAY A DARKER GAME!
AND WHERE DO YOU GO, LITTLE GIRL?
TO--TO GRAND-MOTHER'S HOUSE.
AND WHAT SHALL YOU TAKE THERE? THE PATH OF PINS OR NEEDLES?
EITHER WAY, THE PATH IS STREWN WITH SUFFERING..

THE TOMB OF DEACON FRANCOIS DE PARIS.
SLAM
NO TIME FOR YOUR OBSCENE SPELLS, WITCH!
LOOK, DE PAIGE! DO YOU SEE THEM FOR THE EVIL THEY ARE?! DO YOU SEE?!
IT IS... IT IS DIFFICULT TO DENY!
DENY YOUR GOD IF YOU DENY WHAT WE SHOW YOU HERE!
NOW HELP US TO YOUR DEACON'S TREASURE... AND THE ASSURANCE OF HELL'S ULTIMATE DEFEAT!
THE MINDSCAPE.
EAT, GIRL... IS IT GOOD?
SLUT! YOU EAT THE FLESH AND DRINK THE BLOOD OF YOUR OWN GRANDMOTHER, WHO I KILLED JUST BEFORE YOU CAME THROUGH THE DOOR!

NOW STRIP, LITTLE MAIDEN... SHOW ME YOUR VIRGIN'S BODY!
BURN YOUR CLOTHES, YOU HAVE NO NEED OF THEM ANY LONGER!
COME TO MY BED, GIRL!
DON'T TRY TO RESIST, TRANSGRESSOR! THERE IS NO RELEASE FROM FOLLOWING THE ORDER OF THE STORY HERE IN MY MENTAL PLAYGROUND!
THE TOMB.
THERE --IT'S DONE!
YOU'VE REDEEMED YOUR CURSED HERITAGE, FATHER...
SHRKRAAM
...AND GIVEN US ANOTHER WEAPON IN OUR WAR AGAINST THE INFERNO!

THE MINDSCAPE.
YOUR FLESH IS SO WARM AND RIPE, GIRL... YOU TEMPT MY LOINS!
BUT YOU'VE BEEN PROMISED TO MY TEETH!
THE TOMB.
WE ADD THIS TO THE CONFIGURATION WE SHALL BUILD -- THE KEY THAT WILL UNLOCK THE DOOR TO OUR PRISON!
NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT NOW -- THE LENSES WILL NEVER COME TO ME! I'LL NEVER BE TAKEN TO HELL AND JEREMY... JEREMY WILL...
JEREMY...
THE MINDSCAPE.
AND SO IT ENDS, MY TRICKSTER FRIEND...
YOU TOLD A FINE TALE... BUT MINE WAS ONE YOU COULD NOT ESCAPE!

I NEVER WANTED TO GET AWAY, SELF.
HOW-- HOW CAN THIS BE?!
I WARNED YOU THAT WE MUST NOT UNDERESTIMATE EACH OTHER.
YOU INSISTED ON MAKING THE MISTAKE OF INGESTING ME-- TAKING ME WITHIN YOU ON THE PLANE OF THE MIND!
AND LIKE ALL SEDUCERS, ONCE INSIDE I AM IN CONTROL.
THE TOMB.
WHAT BECOMES OF HIM NOW?
HE FIGHTS WITH OTHER EVIL WITHIN. A SELF-ABSORBED BATTLE THAT WILL OCCUPY HIM...
...AS WE CONTINUE AND CONCLUDE OUR QUEST AND CRUSADE!
TRKOOM

N-NO! AGGREGATE SAID YOU WOULD-- YOU WERE AWARE! YOU COULD'VE STOPPED HIM!
YOU WERE ALSO AWARE, FATHER.
AWARE THAT YOU HOLD THE FINAL PIECE TO THE PUZZLE HE STOLE. A GIFT FROM YOUR BELOVED DEACON, NO DOUBT.
THAT DISPARITY OF ENERGIES BETWEEN THE CONFIGURATION AND ITS MISSING ELEMENT-- THAT IMBALANCE-- IS WHAT CAUSED YOUR "MIRACLES"!
WHY DID YOU NOT TELL AGGREGATE YOUR SECRET?
I...I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER DID, WITH EITHER OF YOU.
SNAAP
KNOW THIS, DE PAIGE. AGGREGATE DOES REPRESENT A FORM OF WHAT YOU MIGHT TERM "GOOD", IN THAT HE DOES OPPOSE MY ORDER.
BUT THE LIGHT YOU WORSHIP HAS NO MEANING WITHOUT THE SHADOW I REPRESENT.
I WILL MAINTAIN WHAT YOU SEE AS DARKNESS, PRIEST. THIS I PROMISE.
TRKOOM
THE FABRIC OF TIME BUCKS AND HEAVES AS IT'S ONCE MORE RAVAGED...

...THE YEARS ROLLING BACK TO AN ERA MARKED ONLY BY A MAYAN CALENDAR.
THWOK
THWOK
YOU ARE INDEED MIGHTY FIGHTERS...
...THE WARRIOR TOPEC SALUTES YOU ALL.
NEXT: IT'S MAYAN-TIME MENACE AS TRIBAL ARMIES CLASH AND FACE PLAYS THE ROLE OF INQUISITOR! "THE DEVIL BIDES HIS DAY" IN THIRTY NIGHTS!